THE

Gentleman's Journal:

OR THE

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

By Way of

LETTER

TO A

Gentleman in the COUNTRY.

Conſiſting of

News, Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Poetry, Muſick, Tranſlations, &c.

JULY 1692.

Carmen amat quiſquis carmine digna gerit. Claudian.

Majores majora ſonent, mihi parva locuto
Sufficit in veſtras ſæpe redire manus. Martial.

Licenſed, *July* 20th, 1692. *R. Midgley.*

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Where are alſo to be had Journals for *January, February, March, April, May,* and *June.*

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THE GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: OR THE *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

JULY the 18th, 1692.

DO not accuſe me of Negligence, my dear Friend, if my Letters come ſometimes later to your hands than you expected; tho' a deſire to ſerve the Public is the only Motive I have to write, it is ſtrong enough to make me diligent. However, I did not foreſee the Difficulties that attend ſuch a Task, and expected more effectual Supplies than I have yet received. But tho' (if I may credit ſeveral hundreds of Letters which I have received) my *Monthly Collections* have pleas'd at leaſt for the moſt part, it being impoſſible to pleaſe every one in each particular of ſo mixt a Work; yet I muſt confeſs that it has not been without extreme pains, that from time to time I have been able to get ſuch things as were proper for't: For many things, tho' otherwiſe very Ingenious, for various Reaſons, have not been judg'd fit to be inſerted; I think my ſelf nevertheleſs honour'd and oblig'd by the perſons that have ſent them. Some Verſes, among the many, I cannot uſe, ſhall be hereafter ſent you; but, in the mean time, I am in great want; for all *Melancholic Love*, and *Grave Panegyric* would hardly pleaſe you. I am ſenſible that many excellent Pieces are now confin'd to the Cloſet, which would be extremely acceptable to the Public; and if thoſe that have them or their Authors, will be ſo unkind, or ſo uncommunicative, as not to oblige the World with them, I muſt be forc'd to continue as well as I can, till I have completed a Volume.

In the mean time I will endeavor to make my following Letters as entertaining at leaſt as the former; and, if I am not much miſtaken, the Verſes that follow will pleaſe you. They were written by a Lady now deceas'd, nor are they unworthy of the late admirable Earl of *Rocheſter*'s near Relation, and the Conſort of the Honourable Mr. *Wharton*.

Verſes on the Snuff of a Candle made in Sickneſs.

SEE there the Taper's dim, and doleful Light
In gloomy Waves ſilently rouls about,
And repreſents to my dim weary ſight,
My Light of Life almoſt as near burnt out.

Ah Health! Beſt part and ſubſtance of our Joy,
(For without thee 'tis nothing but a ſhade)
Why doſt thou partially thy ſelf employ,
Whilſt thy proud Foes as partially invade?

What we, who ne're enjoy, ſo fondly ſeek,
Thoſe who poſſeſs thee ſtill, almoſt deſpiſe.
To gain immortal Glory, raiſe the weak,
Taught by their former want thy worth to prize.

Dear melancholy Muſe, my conſtant Guide,
Charm this coy Health back to my fainting Heart,
Or I le accuſe thee of vain-glorious Prize,
And ſwear thou doſt but feign the moving Art.

But why do I upbraid thee, gentle Muſe,
Who for all Sorrows mak'ſt me ſome amends?
Alas! our ſickly Minds ſometimes abuſe
Our beſt Phyſicians, and our deareſt Friends.

To remove theſe melancholy Thoughts, give me leave to tell you a very new and pleaſant Adventure.

THE JEALOUS HUSBANDS.

TWO Gentlemen, intimate Friends, and near Neighbors here in Town, have been married for ſome time to two Ladies, who have much Wit, much Beauty, and ſtill more Virtue than Wit; yet as they want much of that Age which ſeems to oblige us to decline the pleaſures of this life, the harmleſs Recreations of the Town, are things which they do not always deny themſelves. Their mutual Friendſhip hath perhaps been the cauſe of their Husbands Union, who being both unmercifully Nice in point of Honour, and by conſequence intolerably Jealous, have ſpoilt one another utterly by the dif-

diſcovery of their Temper. The poor Ladies can hardly have leave to enjoy themſelves, without the prying Company of one of the two. To ſpeak the truth, too ſtrict a watch is as troubleſom as it is injurious; how tenderly ſoever a Woman may love a Husband, ſhe doth not much delight to ſee him act the part of a Spy; and the Men having their ſelect hours, whoſe enjoyment the Women never offer to interrupt, they ought in Conſcience to allow uſeleſs moments to the Fair, ſince generally they never employ them without Witneſſes. Our Ladies being grown inſeparable by their Friendſhip, and the ſad reſemblance of their Fate, ſometimes us'd little harmleſs Stratagems to ſteal ſome hours from their troubleſom Spies. Not, as I have ſaid, that they are guilty of any thing that could bring their Honour into queſtion; but it was enough for them to know, that their jealous Guards would be uneaſy, to make them take pleaſure to get from them.

A Gentleman who made his Addreſſes to the Siſter of one of the two Ladies, prevail'd on them to promiſe him to take a turn in his Garden hard by the Town. The Difficulty lay, in avoiding the Husband's Miſtruſt, whom they did not care to take with them. As Fortune would have it, they happen'd to be both much engaged in Buſineſs one day: That was pitch'd upon, the Gentleman had notice of it, and all things were got ready. The Ladies told their Huſbands that they would viſit a Friend a Mile or Two out of Town, and come back at Night. Upon this, one of them deſires them to put off the Viſit till the next day, that he might bear them Company, and eaſe himſelf a little from the daily preſſures of Affairs. The Ladies would by no means conſent to this. Juſt as they argued the Caſe, in comes that Lady's Footman, to tell them that ſhe was in Town, and would come and paſs part of that Afternoon with them. This mightily broke their meaſures. Well, diſſemble they muſt; the Lady comes, and ſtays an hour or two with them at Play, before they could get rid of her handſomly. As ſoon as ſhe is gone, they pretend a Head-ach, and nothing but a Turn in the Park can eaſe them of it. The Coach is got ready, and they go: But the Husband, whom their eagerneſs to go out of Town without him, had already made ſomewhat uneaſy, cauſes them to be dogg'd by a little dark Fellow, who follow'd them into the Park, where they left their Coach, and after a ſhort Walk ſaw them come out, and get into a Hackney, that poſted with them to the appointed place. The Spy ſaw them go in there, and then with all ſpeed ran to inform the Husband of all this. This was a deep wound to one ſo jealous you may ſwear. He runs to his Partner in Jealouſy, tells

him their common Diſaſter, and cauſing him to leave his Affairs unended, tho' they were of Conſequence, hurries him to the place where the Ladies were. They found means to get into the Yard unſeen, and thence ſlily convey'd themſelves into the Garden, whence they could ſee what paſs'd in the Parlor, where the Ladies, the Gentleman of the Houſe, and a Friend of his were. They got near the Windows under the ſhelter of ſome buſhy Trees, where they made a very odd Figure; for tho they could obſerve nothing that look'd like an Intrigue, the Gentlemen uſing their Wives with much Reſpect, yet they ſeem'd too merry to them in their abſence, and they did not care that they ſhould appear lovely to any but themſelves.

Supper being done, ſome Hautbois which the Gentleman had got, went into the Garden, where the Company follow'd them. The Husbands, who had a mind to ſee what all this would come to, retir'd to an Arbor, where they hid themſelves. After a Turn or two the Ladies ſate down, and one of the Gentlemen officiouſly offers to ſet to rights the Handkerchief of one of them that was falling from her Neck. Her Husband, who ſees this, is out of patience, and will needs break out, but is ſtop'd by his Friend, who hath need to be ſtop'd himſelf a moment after at the leaſt whiſper that paſſes between his Lady and the other. Never were jealous Husbands more tormented, the one ſtamps, the other curſes. They ſcratch their Foreheads, pluck the Leafs off the Trees, and bite them for mere madneſs; nay, 'tis ſaid that one of them was like to have choak'd himſelf with a Caterpillar. To mortify them the more, the Ladies return'd into the Parlor, and the Hautbois playing on in the Garden, hinder'd them from coming near the Window, to ſee what paſt there. Being late, our Ladies would not ſtay there long, ſo the Gentlemen waited on them to the Park, where their Coach ſtay'd for them. In the mean time one of the Hautbois ſtepping into the Houſe to ask for ſomething, brought word to his Companions, that he could not tell where the Company was gone. Judge how the Husbands lik'd this News, their Jealouſy ſuggeſted the worſt of things to them, and imagining that their Wives had ſhut up themſelves with their Lovers into ſome Cloſet, they ran into the Houſe like mad Men, went up Stairs, ſearch'd every Room, and pry'd into every Corner, and meeting with a door that was ſhut, they us'd all their ſtrength to break it open. The Noiſe alarm'd the Servants, and one of them obſerving them at laſt, *Cry'd out Thieves*, and put the whole Neighborhood in an Uproar. A mighty Mob with ruſty Swords, Halberts, and more dangerous

gerous Blunderbuſſes, break in upon them, and having ſeiz'd them, without any more ado, in ſpight of all their Proteſtations, hurry them to a Neighbouring Juſtice, with a Conſtable, who, it being then Seſſions-time, warrants them hang'd before the weeks end. In the mean time the Gentleman of the Houſe return'd with his Friend, and hearing that two Thieves had been taken, haſted to the Juſtice, where the pretended Malefactors were juſt arriv'd. You may imagin how much he was ſurpriz'd when he found who they were. Having been told how extravagantly Jealous they were, he preſently gueſs'd the occaſion of all this, and therefore having told the Conſtable and his Attendants that they were much to blame, to miſtake two Gentlemen of worth, and their Friends, for Robbers; he beg'd the two Husbands Excuſe for his Mens rudeneſs, and offering them all the amends they could deſire, told them, that he was ſorry they did not come ſooner, and that he had expected to have had the honour of their Company with their Ladies at his houſe, but that they had told him, that ſome urgent Affairs could not give them leave to come; however, that he hop'd to have that happineſs ſome other time, and that he had juſt waited on the Ladies home.

Whilſt with theſe Excuſes he by degrees allays the Paſſion of our jealous Husbands, his Friend ſends privately with all ſpeed an account of all this to the Ladies, that they might take their meaſures accordingly. The Husbands then took their leaves of the Gentlemen, ſeemingly ſatisfy'd with this Sham, yet highly reſolv'd to give their Wives a ſevere Reprimand. But they being well prepar'd for them prevented the Storm, and ſeeing them come in with anger in their looks, one of them began in a rallying way to tell them where they had been, and what trick they had ſerved them, in not taking them to a Treat, to which the Gentleman that gave it (of whoſe inclinations for her Siſter ſhe then acquainted him) had deſir'd their Company. The other Lady laughing, told them, *That they had done this, to convince them that Women never want means to bring to paſs what they deſign.* The Husbands, by this ingenuous confeſſion, being recover'd from their Fright, were oblig'd to be ſatisfy'd with this; and, I am told, that ſince that time, they have allow'd their Wives much more Liberty than they did before. After all, it was their beſt way; the fair Sex hates mortally to be confin'd, and many a Woman would never be guilty of the leaſt Irregularity, who ſometmes does not refuſe the offers that are made to her, to be revenged of her Huſband's miſtruſt.

This

This being granted, it were to be wiſh'd, that the Fair did enjoy that honeſt Freedom everywhere, whereof they are generally in poſſeſſion among us. I ſay *generally*; for the reſtraint of a few, ſeems to ſerve only to make the reſt know how much their Condition is happier than that of Foreign Wives, and principally the *Italian*. It is not only of late that the Inhabitants of that Country have been infected with the plague of Jealouſy, the ancient *Romans* had alſo no ſmall ſhare of it.

Read but the following Tranſlation of the 14th Elegy of the 2d Book of *Propertius*, and tho you will find it ends very paſſionately, you will alſo be led to imagin that this Diſeaſe of the Mind has always been Epidemical in that Country; ſince it could even faſten on a Poet.

Et ſi me invito diſcedis, *Cynthia*, Roma.

WEll then you'll needs, my Cynthia, *leave the Town,*
And to your Country Solitudes go down;
I'le ſwear you pleaſe me, for the chaſter Field
Can no Gallants, no wheadling Coxcombs yield;
No Quarrels there your Windows can infeſt,
Nor ſarring Serenades diſturb your Reſt.
Alone you'll view the pleaſing Proſpect round,
With numerous Herds *the riſing Mountains crown'd,*
And what ſmall Limits can a Ruſtic Empire bound.
No Obſcene Poet there with Luſcious Plays
In Youthful Minds can wanton Fancies raiſe:
You'll ſee the labouring Peaſant drag the Plow,
What ſpace they to their well-prun'd Vines allow.
You'll offer Incenſe, rarely ſeen in Cells,
Where the poor Plowman's mighty Numen *dwells.*
While tender Kids conſume in hallow'd Flames,
You'll bear a part in all their Country Games;
Exclude but Men, and none that little Freedom blames.

For me, Diana, *now my Vows ſhall have,*
And I'le awhile forget I'm Cupid's *Slave.*
I'le play at nobler Game, each hollow'd Tree
Shall bear the Enſigns of my Victory,
The Jolly Beagles ſhall be cheer'd by me.

Not

Not that I durſt the dreadful Lyon move,
Or the rear'd Boar's impetuous Fury prove.
But where * Clitumnus *hides his ſacred Head,*
(Whoſe wond'rous Streams by ſome ſtrange Fountains fed
Makes Cattel white, howe're of various Colours bred.)
There boldly I'll purſue the fearful Hare,
Or with ſure Bolts depopulate the Air.

* A River in *Italy*.

But you, whate're your pretty Paſtimes be,
Or Works, if any, Dear, remember me.
On Love's ſoft Wings I'll to your Boſome fly,
The Sun himſelf leſs hot or ſwift than I.
No ſhady Groves, no murmuring Brooks ſhall ſtay
My eager Paſſions, or divert my way;
Through Dangers all, through Storms and Flames I'le come,
Deaf to Diverſions, to Diſcourſes dumb,
Your Name alone ſhall be my charming Song;
Your Name ſhall ever dwell upon my Tongue,
Till, in your Arms ſecur'd, I fear no bold Intruder's Wrong.

Nothing ſhould make a Man more eager to pleaſe a Woman, and more devoted to her Will, than Love; yet as its power is not equal on all hearts, which, according to their diſpoſition, receive its Impreſſions variouſly; ſo its Effects are alſo very different. Thus where Love and Jealouſy meet together, the Quarrels that enſue, and the Confinement that is impos'd on the belov'd Object by a Lover, makes his Paſſion more like Hatred, than Love. I know a Huſband, who, tho his Wife is very virtuous, and not handſom, never ſees any one, and is hardly ſeen by her menial Servants; yet the Coxcomb hath in him the Jealouſy of ten *Italians*. He owns that he doth not know himſelf many times why he is Jealous; and yet his Jealouſy increaſes, when the grief for being continually ſhut up, is to be read on the unfortunate Woman's Face. He ſhould not much wonder at her ſadneſs, moſt young Women would grieve for leſs. Sometimes he thinks himſelf a Cuckold in Will, and falls a quarrelling with his Wife about it. He watches her like another *Argus*, and if he ſleeps (for the Jealous ſeldom do) hath always an eye upon her; and (as I have heard) all the while dreams of Rams, Oxen, or other hornified Cattle. So tho he ſwears that he loves his Wife to madneſs, (which is true in one ſenſe) yet ſhe never receives the leaſt kind uſage from him, and they are ſeldom or never Friends.

Such

Such a Husband is in my mind as unlovely, as the antiquated Dame, to whom this Alluſion to *Horace*'s 8th *Epode* refers; it was ſent me by a Gentleman who ſubſcribes *R. G.*

Rogare longo putidam te Sæculo.

MAdam, you're Old, extremely Old,
And yet complain I'm Stoically Cold,
Unmov'd in your Embraces lie,
Delude your Joys, and proffer'd Love deny;
That I alas! deſpiſe your Charms,
Faint in the Circle of your Arms,
And, when an am'rous Line by Proxy wooes,
Slight all your little Tricks, your luſcious Billets-doux.

For Heav'ns ſake, Madam, take your Glaſs,
And view that horrid mortifying Face;
You'le ſpy no glittering Venus *there,*
No Cupid's *Nets ſpread in your borrowed hair;*
A wrinkled Brow, a Mouth awry,
Are Gorgons *to a youthful Eye:*
Perhaps thy Image will, (it do's in me)
What frozen Age can't do, extinguiſh Luſt in thee.

Thou'rt Rich, a younger Brother's Prize;
And may the ragged Fool thy Fortune ſeize,
Marry thy hoarded golden Store,
Doat on thy Bags, and wallow in the Ore;
Yet all thy Arts but weak will prove,
To prompt the Wretch to eager Love:
Unleſs he fancies thee his abſent Miſs,
Thou'lt find his Sally fainter than an After-kiſs.

As a diſparity in Years or Humors ſoon diſſolves the Bonds of Love, ſo Abſence knits them harder, when an equal Youth and Merit hath once faſten'd them. A young Lady, whoſe Husband is in the Wars, is ſo extremely ſenſible of his deſert, that ſhe can give no bounds to her Paſſion. She languiſhes to ſee him every moment, and you may judge of it by the method ſhe took the other day to comfort herſelf in his abſence. She had lately received from him a Letter, and kiſt and read it ten thouſand times. She then ran and took down his Picture herſelf, brought it into her Bed-Chamber, laid

laid it upon her Bed, and paſſed the greateſt part of the Night in looking tenderly on that dear Image of her abſent Mate. She ſaid all the kind things ſhe could imagin to it, and preſt it a hundred times with her delicate lips. Did every Wife love with as much Paſſion, there would not be ſo many Roving Husbands, and Men would be overjoy'd to find at home that condeſcending Love which domeſtic Diſcontents incite them ſometimes to ſeek abroad.

Some of the Fair are as guilty of Cruelty, as others are profuſe of Love. A Man of Senſe who writes to me under the Name of *Oſiris*, and hath ſent me the following Words for a Song, hath the misfortune to find it ſo. I can ſend him the Notes to them if he pleaſes, not having room for them here.

BRight Annabel *the pow'r of Love denies,*
And do's herſelf Inſenſible declare;
Yet thouſand Cupids *wanton in her Eyes,*
And each alluring Grace inhabits there.

Warm the cold Breaſt of the Inchanting She,
You that o're tenderneſs preſide above,
And let her ſoften'd Mind be fix'd on me,
On me who melt and languiſh for her Love.

But ſhould her Heart reſiſt that Force Divine,
And obſtinately ſtill Love's Joys deny,
Ah! bring her to thoſe longing Arms of mine,
For folded there, ſhe muſt diſſolve and dye.

Thus every one complains of the pains of Love, yet few are willing to be freed from that Paſſion. If it be a Fever, as the Gentleman that ſent me the following Verſes makes it, I preſume that he was in a very high Fit of it when they were written.

THE FEVER.

THE ſparkling Embers of my hot deſire,
Tho' drench'd in Waves will not expire:
The very Sea itſelf ſome Oil contains,
Which makes them riſe again in greater Flames.

The Northern Zone is not too cold for me,
For in my Breaſt the Dog-ſtar loves to be:

There

There like a Globe of Light he ſpreads his Rays,
And turns my Winter Nights to Summer Days.

But yet I would not want this pleaſing Plain,
Of which to all ſo often I complain;
The very Wheel of my ſhort Life would ſtand,
If not turn'd round by Love's almighty hand.

Nor would I that it ſhould abatement find;
Love is the pleaſant Frenzy of the Mind.
So frantick Men, in their mad Actions, ſhow
A happineſs which none but Mad-men know.

Since Beauty hath ſuch an Influence over our Hearts, 'tis no wonder if the Sex takes ſuch Care to appear Charming, a Patch or two well laid, ſometimes gives ſuch an addition to the natural Graces of the Fair, that they would be no leſs unjuſt to themſelves, than unkind to us, ſhould they always deny themſelves the uſe of that and other Embelliſhments. There being a Book which will ſpeedily be Re-printed in Vindication of this, with a new Preface, I forbear ſaying any more on that Subject in Proſe, and will only give you ſome Verſes which I have Engliſh'd out of a Fragment which goes under *Ovid*'s Name.

In Vindication of Art to beautify the Face.

ART makes a barren Down rich Soyls outdo,
And Roſe and Lilly bloom where Bryars grew;
On the rough Earth we poliſh'd Marble place,
And Palaces with Gold and Paintings grace:
With richeſt Silks our Bodies we adorn,
Hair is perfum'd and curl'd, or Falſe is worn.
The Neck hath Pearls, the Finger Diamonds wears,
And coſtly Pendants dangle at the Ears.
And may not then the Face, that Nobleſt Part,
Improve its Native Charms with thoſe of Art?
'Tis hard, the Sex for uſing Art to blame,
Since now the Men themſelves can do the ſame.
Obſerve how ſpruce our modern Beaux *appear,*
Nor formal Bridegroom's Dreſs with half the Care.

Art,

Art, as you ſee, improves all things, and particular Arts are alſo daily improv'd; New Diſcoveries are often made in many of them: And a new Machine hath been lately invented, which may be of vaſt uſe, principally to Recover, or *Fiſh*, as they call it, out of the Bottom of the Sea, ſuch things as have been loſt there. It is not unlike a Wagon, and it's ſaid that Four Men may live in it under Water for a whole Week upon occaſion. This would almoſt ſeem impoſſible, were not moſt new Diſcoveries held ſo, and many things in the way of *Diving* known to be true, which ſeem almoſt as impracticable as the Invention of which I ſpeak. For a Confirmation of what I ſay, take what follows, for which you muſt thank the learned Dr. *B.*

OF DIVING.

SEveral *Hiſtorians*, amongſt other remarkable Matters, have not forgot to give us an Account of thoſe bold Mortals who make it their Buſineſs to plunge into the Sea, and deſcending to its very Bottom, Recover what it had devour'd, and Rob it of its Coral, Pearls, and other Treaſure.

——— *Ipſumque ſub antris*
Nerea, & Æquoreas conantur viſere Nymphas. Man.

Amongſt thoſe *Divers*, that *Sicilian*, of whom Father *Kirker* makes mention in the Firſt Part of his *Mundus Subterraneus*, ſeems to me one of the moſt remarkable. He had the Name given him of *Fiſh Colas*, and from his Youth had us'd himſelf ſo much to living in the Water, that it had quite alter'd his Conſtitution, ſo that he liv'd more after the manner of Fiſhes, than that of Men. The King of *Sicily* threw down a golden Cup into that Whirlpool that is call'd *Charybdis*, telling him, *That it ſhould be his, if he could fetch it.* Upon this he plung'd himſelf into the place, and brought up the Cup, giving an Account that there was a great Spring there, which ſpouted out of the bottom of the Sea. He periſh'd there the next time, *Diving* for a Purſe of Gold; whether it be that he was ſwallow'd up by the perpetual whirling of the Water, or devour'd by ſome Sea-Monſter. Thoſe that *Dive* for Pearls in *India*, are alſo extraordinary expert in that Art, and remain a very long time under the Water: And our *Philoſophical Tranſactions* have made mention of one *Andrew*, who was ſo extremely ſerviceable to the *Hollanders*, to get out of the Sea their loſt Anchors and Cannon, and had got the

Name of the *Ducker*. The *Egyptians* were alſo very Famous for this among the Ancients, witneſs the Trick that *Cleopatra* ſerv'd *Marc Antony*, related by *Plutarch*. *Antony* was Angling in the ſight of *Cleopatra*, and Lovers being always very fond of appearing ſucceſsful in the preſence of the belov'd Object, he had given Order to ſome *Divers* to convey themſelves under Water privately, and faſten ſome Fiſhes to his Line, which he then did draw up without miſſing a Fiſh. *Cleopatra* perceived it, and finding this little Trick unworthy of *Marc Anthony*, got the next day ſome more diligent *Divers*, who caus'd him to draw a ſalted Fiſh inſtead of a live one; whereupon the Lover was ſufficiently laught at by his Miſtriſs, who, as every one knows, did not uſe to ſpare him much.

Did thoſe *Divers* ſtay but a very ſhort ſpace of time under Water, we might be ſatisfy'd with the uſual Anſwer, That the Capacity of their Lungs being able to contain a great quantity of Air, it may ſerve to refreſh the Blood during a pretty conſiderable Interval: But this cannot ſerve to ſolve all the Difficulties that may be rais'd about it. Mr. *Spranger*, who has lately written a Book on thoſe matters, call'd *Homines ἐνυδρεβιοι*, id eſt, *Sub Aquis viventes*, tells us, That the Principle of Life is a Fire, or certain fiery Spirits which put all into Motion, that ſome Sparks of it are ſeen in our Eyes; and as ſoon as that Fire is extinguiſh'd, the whole Machine remains unmoveable, and inanimate. Now the Particles and Agitation of the Air are neceſſary to nouriſh and kindle this Fire; for without it, the Blood being all fill'd with thoſe Spirits, grows fix'd, and ſtagnates. We have an Inſtance of this in Swoonings and Extaſies, when, by reaſon of the Reſpiration's being leſs frequent, and leſs perceptible, the Blood flows more ſlowly, and there remains only in the moſt inward parts a radical Fire, ſufficient to oblige the Soul, not to leave the Body, becauſe by the Laws of the Union ſhe is oblig'd to ſtay the laſt, and only to leave the body, when there is no returning to life. Conſequently unleſs the Air, which doth re-animate the fiery Particles, be renew'd, the Blood coagulates, and its groſſeſt parts join and faſten themſelves to one another, and ſtop its motion. But if there is much of a volatile Salt in the Blood, which makes it more fluid, or if it is of a colder Nature, as that of Fiſhes, ſo that it hath no need of a continual Flux and Reflux of Air to feed the Fire that cauſes its motion, it follows, that Reſpiration will not be altogether ſo neceſſary. Now this may happen by the Temper and Conſtitution, as that of this *Sicilian*, who, by his Food, and by Habit, participated of the Nature of a Fiſh. In ſuch a Caſe, the Fluidity of the Blood proceeds no longer from that Heat which haſtens

haſtens its Courſe, nor from the Air that rarifies it; but it hath all the liquid quality of Water, whoſe Moiſtneſs and Coolneſs are ſufficient to maintain its Motion in the Veins. Beſides, ſince Objects are perceptible under Water, it follows that Air which is the Vehicle of Light, paſſes through the Pores of Water, and, according to Mr. *Spranger*, this would be ſufficient to cauſe them to breathe, by the ways that he explains, which I have not leiſure at preſent to examin.

I have here ſome Verſes upon the KING's Succeſs in *Ireland*: You will find that tho they were written long ago, they carry their Recommendation by their Value, and it had been Pity to have conceal'd them, as their Author does himſelf.

TO THE KING.

I.

TO purchaſe Kingdoms, and to buy Renown,
Are Arts *peculiar to diſſembling* France:
You, Mighty Monarch, Nobler Actions Crown,
And ſolid Virtue does Your Name advance.

II.

Your matchleſs Courage with Your Prudence joins
The glorious Structure of Your Fame to raiſe;
With its own Light Your dazling Glory ſhines,
And into Adoration turns our Praiſe.

III.

Had You by dull Succeſſion gain'd Your Crown,
(Cowards are Monarchs by that Title made)
Part of Your Merit Chance wou'd call her own,
And half Your Virtues had been loſt in Shade.

IV.

But now Your Worth its juſt Reward ſhall have;
What Trophies and what Triumphs are Your Due!
Who cou'd ſo well a dying Nation ſave,
At once deſerve a Crown, and gain it too.

V. *You*

V.

You ſaw how near we were to Ruin brought,
You ſaw th' impetuous Torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming Danger thought,
Which we cou'd neither obviate, nor ſhun.

VI.

Britannia *ſtript from her ſole* Guard *the* Laws,
Ready to fall Rome's *bloody Sacrifice;*
You ſtrait ſtept in, and from the Monſter's *Jaws*
Did bravely ſnatch the lovely helpleſs Prize.

VII.

Nor is this all: As glorious is the Care
To preſerve Conqueſts, as at firſt to gain:
In this Your Virtue claims a double ſhare,
Which, what it bravely Won, do's well Maintain.

VIII.

Your Arm has now Your Rightful Title ſhow'd;
An Arm on which all Europe's *Hopes depend,*
To which they look as to ſome Guardian God
That muſt their doubtful Liberty *defend.*

IX.

Amaz'd Thy Action at the BOYNE *we ſee!*
When Schonberg *ſtarted at the* Vaſt *Deſign:*
The boundleſs Glory all Redounds to Thee,
Th' Impulſe, *the* Fight, *th'* Event, *were wholly Thine.*

X.

The brave Attempt do's all our Foes diſarm,
You need but now give Orders and Command;
Your Name ſhall the remaining Work perform,
And ſpare the Labour of Your Conquering Hand.

XI.

France *do's in vain her feeble* Arts *apply*
To interrupt the Fortune of Your Courſe:
Your Influence do's the vain Attacks defy
Of ſecret Malice, or of open Force.

XII.

Boldly we hence the brave Commencement Date
Of glorious Deeds, that muſt all Tongues Employ:
WILLIAM's *the* Pledge *and* Earneſt *given by Fate*
Of England's *Glory, and her laſting* Joy.

I need

I need not tell you that the Gentleman that wrote theſe Verſes, hath merited highly the Name of *Vates* in every reſpect. The intire Reduction of *Ireland*, and our late Victory over the *French* at Sea, make it obvious enough : It is true that we have not yet had an opportunity to have the ſame advantage over them at Land, but doubtleſs it is becauſe their hour is not yet come. As the want of a ſufficient Army in *Ireland* the firſt Year hindred the Progreſs of our Arms there, but,that being once obſerv'd here, ſuch Supplies were given as facilitated our Succeſs ; ſo, conſidering that the ſtrength of our Enemy is greater than was imagin'd, matters will doubtleſs be ſo diſpos'd, that we may meet with the ſame Succeſs in *Flanders*, as in *Ireland*: And ſince we have experienc'd that a conſiderable Supply given to puſh on the War with an extraordinary Vigor, is the only way to make a ſhorter and leſs chargeable Work of it, than by being too ſparing to protract the Malady, and be at greater Expences at long run, it is to be hop'd that the *Confederates* on all ſides will do their utmoſt Effort to be at leaſt as ſtrong as the Enemy, that at the worſt we may fight him upon equal Terms. For as I told you in my laſt, when a wary Enemy advantageouſly poſted is to be attackt by a ſmaller number of Men, a great deal of Caution ought to be us'd, and in ſuch Caſes the braveſt and wiſeſt Generals have often rather ſuffer'd important Places to be taken, than hazard their Army too much. Our Enemies themſelves are too well aſſur'd of His Majeſties Bravery and Conduct, not to believe that if *Namur* was not reliev'd, it was not for want of either ; they found to their Coſt formerly at *Mons*, that he can beat them out of their ſtrongeſt Retrenchments, and ſet a Town at liberty. Monſieur *de Luxemburgh* himſelf, who with the beſt and chiefeſt of the *French* Forces, oppos'd the relieving of *Namur*, could not formerly relieve *Philipsburgh*, when it was beſieg'd by the late Duke of *Lorrain*, but it was taken after he had been a long time poſted near the *German* Army. The late Mareſch. *de Crequi*, who commanded the *French* Army that was to relieve *Trier*, which was then beſieged by the *Germans*, was totally routed, and taken Priſoner in the Attempt ; yet both he and Monſieur *de Luxemburgh* have continued in their Maſters Eſteem, and doubtleſs he was ſatisfy'd that it was not for want of Bravery or Conduct, that the one miſcarried in his Attempt,and the other did not venture to relieve the Town. Nor to ſpeak of the

Cities,

Cities of *Bonne* and *Mentz*, which were taken over the *French*, and *Buda* in the Face of the *Turks*. All this puts it beyond all doubt, that it is not always convenient, tho with numerous Forces, to attempt to raiſe Sieges; and the *French* will perhaps ſooner find it ſo than ſome People imagin, when we may have our Turn to *Take* in ſpight of them.

Now I am about Sieges, I think that you will not be diſpleaſed to ſee ſome Verſes that were given me in Imitation of *Grotius's Proſopopœia* of *Oſtend*, during its Siege. It is ſo beautiful, that *Malherbe*, the greateſt *French* Poet of his time, hath alſo attempted it in his own Tongue. Every one has heard of that long Famous Siege: The Town is made to ſpeak in theſe terms.

SEE the ſmall Stage of a great War
On which Fam'd Generals fight,
Whilſt wond'ring Nations from afar
Gaze on the Tragic Sight.

Like Hydra's *Heads my Baſtions riſe,*
Their Fall augments their State;
Their re-aſcending Tow'rs deſpiſe
The Impotence of Fate.

The Winter's moſt inclement Sky
On the bleak Beach I bear,
Whilſt jarring Winds the War ſupply
In their vaſt Field the Air.

Phœbus *returning warms my Shore,*
And with a Plague annoys:
That God of Phyſic poyſons more,
Than murdering War deſtroys.

War, Famine, Plague, together go,
To Slave one Wretch conſpire,
Juſt as the fatal three below
Each others help require.

Here

Here in a Heap come all the Ills
That ſhorten human Breath,
And 'tis unenvy'd Fate, that kills
But by a ſingle Death.

Nor are my Sons conſum'd alone;
Every killing Trouble,
With which the Enemy makes them grown,
He himſelf feels double.

Th' impartial Plague ſweeps either ſide,
One Monument I'm grown:
Then, Deſt'ny, if thou can'ſt, decide
Who ſhall call it his own.

Expiring Men for Victory ſtrain,
And like Bellona *rave,*
When all the Conqueror can gain,
Is but the vainer grave.

You that make Hunting one of your frequent Diverſions, will doubtleſs be doubly pleaſed, with the following ſhort Latin Ode. It hath been engraven upon a hunting Horn, which belongs to a Society of Gentlemen.

RUris O Præſes, Nemorumque Virgo,
Ecce, Venatus ſtudioſa Pubes
Quæ tibi vovit! Cape nunc, & olim
Leniter audi.

Hoc ſimul Cornu ſonuit, repente
Ipſa te, Diana, tuaſque Nymphas
Affer in Curſum, & latebris morantem
Excute prædam.

Sic tuos nunquam temeret receſſus
Capripes! Sic te per operta nullus
Cernat Actæon, ubicunque puro
Fonte laveris!

Thoſe who do not underſtand the Latin Tongue, may make themſelves amends with the following Tranſlation of the twelfth Ode in *Horace's* fourth Book. By Mr. *W. P.*

D Jam

Jam Veris Comites.

NOW *weſtern Winds the Spring's Companions* breez,
And gently ſwell the Sails
With more auſpicious Gales,
And check the boiſtrous Waves, and ſtill the raging Seas.
Nor now the Fields their frozen Garments wear,
Nor in their winter Dreſs appear,
But ſilver Thames now purling flows,
Unlock'd from all its Ice, and thaw'd from all its Snows.

Unhappy Bird! the Swallow now returns,
Her ſelf unhappy, though ſhe bring
The Verdant, and the ſmiling Spring,
And, as ſhe makes her Neſt, o'er Itys *mourns,*
Mourns for the Cecropian *State,*
And its Eternal Shame, and its Eternal Fate:
Weeps, 'cauſe ſhe, too ſeverely juſt,
Had puniſh'd barbarous Kings, and their more barbarous Luſt.

Now on the Graſs doth panting Phillis *lie,*
And, whilſt her Flocks graze liſt'ning by,
Sings Damon's *Charms, and* Damon's *Cruelty,*
Tells all his Graces to the Woods, and moves
Pan *to preſide o'er all her Flocks, and proſper all her Loves.*

And now the friendly times have brought
Thirſt on their dusky Wings, and welcom drought,
They bid us pierce the mighty Wine,
And ſuck the bleeding Vertues of the gen'rous Vine;
They bid us drink which you with me may do,
Taſt the Burgundian *and* Bordeaux,
On this Condition, that you bring
Some choice Ragouſt, *the Ticket which may ſet you ſafely in.*

That, or a ſingle Ham, ſhall gain
An Hoggs-head teeming with Champaign,
Which in Sir Bazill's *Cellar lies,*
Prepar'd to cheat deluding Care,
And the ſullen Looks of Fear,
By buoying up its Hopes, and deafning all its Cries.

To which, dear Friends, if you would come, make haſte
And bring your Paſport to the Feaſt,
The Paſport which may waft you o'er
The frothy Seas, and land you on the ſleepy ſhoar.
Forget not that I ne'er deſign
To dip you ſhot-free in my Wine
As at a rich and gaudy Patrons treat,
Where copious Wealth and Plenty ſtand
Ready to wait the Maſter's Call, and fill the Servant's hand.

Come, come, put off Delays, and Thoughts of Gain,
That Foe to all our Bliſs, and cauſe of all our Pain:
And, mindfull whilſt you may of thoſe few hours
Which Age and ſecret Time devours,
Let Mirth now creep amongſt your ſober Cares,
And harmleſs Toys take off the Burthen of your Years.
'Tis Wiſdom, in its proper place, to be
From curious Wiſdom free,
And drop the Pomp of Words, and gawdy Train of Poetry.

Some time ago on-board an *Eaſt-India* Ship, I ſaw a Man who is ſaid to be the Son of a King in the *Eaſt-Indies*, and was taken up at a certain Iſland called *Mindanao*. His whole Body (except the Face, Hands and Feet) is painted and ſtained with a great deal of Art, not much unlike what we have heard of the *Picts*, and other Nations that uſed to paint their Bodies. The paint it ſelf is ſo durable, that it is not to be waſhed off: He is about Thirty, well proportioned, of a tawny Complexion, and his Language is not underſtood: He is now to be ſeen here in Town. I was told on-board the Ship, that there are many of theſe painted Men in ſome Parts of *India*, however, this is doubtleſs one of the moſt extraordinary that ever were ſeen. Thoſe that ſhew him, give many particulars of his being taken, and of the Eſteem which the Natives of that Country have of this Paint, which they ſay, is a Preſervative againſt the poyſonous Bites of all Inſects whatſoever.

The *Ænigma* in my laſt is *Truth*, and hath been explained by the following Perſons, *W. Bond*, *I. T. R. Beheathland*, *Sphynx*, *Martha D.* Take the following Solution of it in Verſe,

Saith Tom, *I fear I've been too bold,*
Thinking the Riddle to unty,
And ſaying Truth, *a Lye have told;*
Nay, never fear it, Tom, *ſaid I,*
You muſt, if this you would unfold,
Or tell the Truth, *or tell a Lye.*

I ſhall be obliged to you, if you give me a Solution of that which follows. It was written by the Earl of *Surrey*, about 130 Years ago. I have been deſired to explain it, but ſhall be glad to find your Thoughts concur with mine, before I diſcloſe them.

A Riddle of a Gift given by a Lady.

A Lady gave a gift, which ſhe had not;
And I received her gift, which I toke not;
She gave it me willingly, and yet ſhe would not;
And I receiued it, albeit, I coulde not;
If ſhe geve it me, I force not;
And if ſhe take it again, ſhe cares not;
Conſter what this is, and tell not;
For I am faſt ſworn, I may not.

The following *Ænigma* was written, by Mr. *Jo. Mitchell.*

I'm neither Bird, nor Beaſt, nor Sp'rite,
Whatever dreaming Poets write;
I'm nothing, yet moſt Men my Favours prize,
And mighty Princes me do Idolize.
I'm ſtill attended by a numerous Train
Of Suiters, but the beſt too often ſue in vain
For Favours, which the leſs deſerving gain.
Sometimes juſt Debts I do deny,
But oft'ner more than's juſt I pay;
Ten Thouſand Fathers I can boaſt,
Am ev'ry where, yet ſometimes loſt.
I Sometimes bite, and ſometimes fawn,
I one day flatter, and the other damn.

I ſome-

I ſometimes ſpeak the Truth, but oft'ner lye,
I am unmortal yet I often die.
Sometimes I ſay too little, though I find
I'm nat'rally to ſay too much inclin'd.
Yet though I prate Eternally,
I ſometimes in dumb ſilence lye.
And though no Oars I uſe, nor Sails diſplay,
No Ocean can my rapid Progreſs ſtay.

I have been told ſomething very pleaſant about handſome Legs, which you muſt give me leave to tell you.

A Certain City Spark was ſo paſſionate an Admirer of a handſome Foot, that he as often went abroad in ſearch of ſuch, as others do of handſome Faces: He generally fixed his Eyes on nothing elſe, had travelled to moſt parts of the World to obſerve what Nation produced Women with the handſomeſt Feet, walked daily to no other Purpoſe, and when ever Fortune bleſt him with the ſight of a handſome Foot and Leg, never could leave the Woman that was endowed with that Perfection, till ſhe was within doors. One day, as he ſtood at his Door in the Country, near which he had cauſed to be laid a very high Style on purpoſe, he ſpyed a young Woman who, in his Mind, had the neateſt, beſt ſhaped, and in ſhort, the handſomeſt Leg and Foot he had ever ſeen. He immediately followed her home; and hearing that ſhe had but little or no Fortune, that ſhe was very diſcreet and unmarried, Courted her, and having eaſily obtained her for his Wife, the very next Day after his Marriage, ſent for ſome of the beſt Painters, and cauſed each of them to draw the Picture of his Wife's Leg. Not ſatisfied with this, he invented twenty different Faſhions of Shoes and Stockings from the *Pantoufle* to the *Buskin*, and had his Wife's Leg drawn, *de Novo*, by all the beſt Maſters in the Country: Nay, there could not paſs by the Town a foreign Painter, but he would make him have a Touch at his Wife's Leg, ſo that in a ſhort Time, he had ſuch a Stock of painted Legs, as filled all the Apartments of his Houſe, from the Hall to the Garret. This Madneſs of his cauſed his Wife's Unhappineſs, though he loved and maintained her like a kind Huſband; for, to make her Foot appear to advantage, he never would let her wear any Shoes, but ſuch as were ſo ſtreight, that ſhe was perpetually tortured in them: He in the mean Time was ſtill by, comforting her, and begging that ſhe would endure thoſe Pains for his ſake, aſſuring her withall that they could not laſt long.

This

This doubtleſs kept the poor Lady from that pleaſant, and ſometimes uſefull Recreation, Dancing: Of which take what follows.

Of DANCING.

IF we are asked what *Dancing* is, we may properly enough term it, a regulated and numerous Motion of the Body, imitating Perſons and Things by Geſture. As it is a Motion, it is very agreeable to Nature, that loves Motion ſo much the more, as ſhe hates Reſt. It is alſo no leſs pleaſing as it Includes a numerous Proportion, having that common with Muſick, Poetry, Rhetoric, Painting, Comedy, and all other Arts, whoſe End is to delight Mankind. But, as it imitates, it is extremely pleaſing; for we all very much love to imitate, or ſee things imitated; which generally cauſes us to view the Works of Art with more Pleaſure, than the more perfect Works of Nature, becauſe Art only imitates her. The uſefulneſs of *Dancing* is alſo well known to Phyſicians, ſince they make it a part of their Gymnaſtics, which treat of the Exerciſes and Motions which they preſcribe for our Health, divided in *Paleſtric* and *Saltatory*. It is beneficial to the whole Body, as walking to the Legs alone. It is alſo very decent, for it forms the Body, and gives it a Grace and handſome Gate and Ayr, which is not the leaſt Part of Beauty; For, the Soul having had the Sciences to inſtruct her Intellect, and the Moral Vertues to rule her Will; Her dear Partner the Body wanted alſo an Habit to rule its Defects, ſo much the more as they reflect on the Soul, who hath a feeling of the others bad diſpoſitions, as by its good ones ſhe is improv'd in her Operations; it being difficult, that the Motions of the Soul be well ſettled, as long as thoſe of the Body are not ſo. For which reaſon *Plato*, as I obſerv'd in my laſt, would have thoſe who inſtruct the Young, to have as great a care of their Bodies as of their Minds; and that to this end they teach them Muſick to regulate the Motions of the Soul, and *D*ancing to form thoſe of the Body, and give it a grace, as Wreſtling and Fencing give it ſtrength. It has always been in much eſteem. The *Lacedemonians* and *Thebans* us'd to attack their Enemies, keeping Time with their Flutes and Hautboys: and the former had a ſolemn day on which the Old Men, Children, and middle Aged Men, Danc'd with three Chorus's that famous Ball: *We have been; we are; and we ſhall be valiant.* The *Athenians* even honour'd with a Statue *Andronicus Cariſtius*, an excellent Dancer of *Alexander*, and advanc'd *Phrynicus* to the higheſt degree for his having very gracefully Danc'd the *Pyrrhica*, which

which *Scaliger* alſo boaſts to have Danc'd many times before the Emperor *Maximilian*, and whereof the *Romans* committed the Charge to their moſt Auguſt Prieſts, whom they call'd *Salios*: *Lucian* deduces from the Heavens the Original of Dancing, ſince not only all the Celeſtial Bodies, but the Ocean alſo, and the hearts of Animals have a regular motion like it. And indeed, as if Dancing had ſomething of Divine in it, it hath been us'd in Sacrifices, and in the moſt ſacred Myſteries of Religion, not only by the *Delii*, who always joyn'd Dancing with their Prayers, and the *Indians*, who worſhip'd the Sun, dancing and imitating that glorious Luminary's daily Ball; but alſo by the Prophet *David* before the Ark, and ſeveral others in Holy Writ, as a teſtimony of their Thankſgiving to God. Even the Muſes are, by the Poets, deſcrib'd *D*ancing about the Fountain *Hippocrene*; *Apollo* is call'd *Dancer* by *Pindar*, and the Graces are repreſented *D*ancing. *Proteus*, ſo much Celebrated by the Poets, owes his Fame to *D*ancing, wherein he ſo much excell'd that his Agility and Poſtures gave birth to the Fable of his Tranſformation in all manner of ſhapes. The *Mimes* and *Pantomimes* among the *Romans* were much of that kind, and ſo naturally expreſs'd all things by geſture, that a King of *Pontus* admir'd nothing more in *Rome* than one of them, whom he obtain'd of *Nero*, to ſerve him as an Interpreter to his Embaſſadors: For Geſtures have that advantage over the Voice, that whereas the Voice and Writing are ſigns by Inſtitution onely, the others are underſtood by all Nations, being lively and natural Images of Things and Actions. For this reaſon alſo, *D*ancing is very dangerous when it imitates diſhoneſt Actions; for it makes a deeper impreſſion on the Mind than any other things. Yet I muſt blame thoſe who for the ſake of particular abuſes, condemn things not only innocent, but pleaſant and neceſſary. For the ſake of the Ladies, I may perhaps take this ſome other time into further conſideration.

In the mean time I make bold to give them the following good advice 'Tis an Imitation of the 10th Ode of *Horace*'s Fourth Book. You will find it ſet to Muſick by Mr. *Damaſcene*, at the End of this Letter and the firſt Stanza differing from this. As for the firſt Song, which is ſet by Mr. *Courtiville*, I made the Words to the Tune, a confinement that may make them, and ſome of my former, the more excuſable.

O crudelis adhuc & Veneris muneribus potens.

AH! Lovely Celia, *why ſo Coy,*
When Love and Youth to pleaſures call?
Pleaſures, which none or few enjoy
When Wrinkles come, and Hair doth fall.

Your Lilly White, and Roſy Red,
Which that of Blooming Flow'rs out-doe,
Will ſoon, alas! will ſoon be fled,
And then you'll loſe your Lovers too.

When in th' unfriendly Glaſs you view
The diſmal Ruins of your Face;
Inrag'd that none will pity you,
You'll thus bemoan your helpleſs caſe.

" Oh, Love! why felt I not thy Pain,
" When I could hope ſome eaſe to find?
" Give me, thou cruel God, again
" My former Face, or former Mind.

We have had no new Play ſince *Regulus*, and 'tis very likely that we ſhall have none till the next Term. To make us amends, ſome Books have newly ſeen the light.

The Famous Mr. *Baile* of *Rotterdam*, who formerly wrote *Les Nouuelles de la Republique des Lettres* and ſo many other Ingenious Books, hath lately publiſh'd a Project and Fragment of a Critical *Dictionary*; it will be a vaſt Work if he proceeds in it, as it is to be wiſh'd, for he treats in this Fragment of ſo many things relating to the Ancients and the Moderns, and hath intermix'd alſo ſeveral Critical *Diſcourſes* or Eſſays ſo Entertaining and Judicious, that it will be of much greater uſe to the Learned than *Morery*'s Great *Dictionary*; which as this Project ſhows, gives no account of ſeveral very Famous perſons both in our Age and the former.

They have alſo lately Printed in *Holland* a new Edition of *Florus*'s *Epitome Rerum Romanarum.* Mr. *Græuius* hath kept all *Salmaſius*'s Notes, and the Select ones of the other Commentators, and his own Annotations are inlarged and corrected in this, with various Prints of Medals and ancient Monuments to Illuſtrate that Author; and at the End is *Ampelius*'s *Liber Memorialis*, which formerly came out of *Salmaſius*'s Library.

There is alſo a new Edition of *Diogenes Laertius* with Figures and various Notes, which Edition Mr. *Meibomius* hath render'd moſt curious and exact.

I hear

I hear that a new Edition of *Quintilian's Inſtitutions*, will ſhortly come out in a larger Letter, with Notes, by a Gentleman of *Queens College*, Oxon.

There is a Book newly printed, call'd *Remarks, made by a Perſon of Quality in the GRAND TOUR of FRANCE and ITALY*, which contains ſome Obſervations on things not mention'd in other Books of this Nature.

The Firſt Volume of the *Bibliotheca Patrum*: Or, *A General Hiſtory of the Eccleſiaſtical Writers*, Tranſlated from the *French* of Dr. *Ellies Du-Pin*, is newly publiſh'd. That Author, tho' of a contrary Communion, yet writes ſo impartially, that the Readers need not fear to be impos'd upon, principally after the careful Reviſe of Mr. *Wooton*.

There is alſo a Book newly publiſh'd, call'd, *A brief Diſquiſition of the Law of Nature, according to the methods laid down in Dr.* Comberland, *now Lord Biſhop of* Peterborough's *Latin Treatiſe on that Subject, and a Confutation of ſome of Mr.* Hobbs's *Principles*. The Right Reverend Author's Approbation and Commendation of this Work, is enough to ſatisfy you of its value, and indeed there cannot be a better Abridgment made of an excellent Book; neither hath Mr. *Tyrrel* confin'd himſelf wholly to his Author, but has aſſum'd a Philoſophical Liberty, and added and explain'd where he thought it needful; ſo that to ſpeak properly, he hath made the Work his own.

At laſt the *Deſcent*, whoſe Event every one languiſhes to know, is on the Point of being effected. The Forces are Embarqued, and in a little time we ſhall hear where they are deſign'd. Doubtleſs ſomething of great moment is in hand: And now the *French* Army being leſſen'd in *Flanders* by the Detachments which they have been oblig'd to ſend to *Germany*, to their Sea-Coaſts, and to ſtrengthen their Gariſons on their Frontiers, beſides what deſerted, and dyed at the Siege of *Namur*; there is a great deal of likelihood that we ſhall hear of ſome Enterprize there. His Majeſty, and the Elector of *Brandenburgh*'s Enterview, his Electoral Highneſſes going to *Liege*, and ſeveral other Reaſons, cauſe many People to believe, that conſidering the Importance of *Namur*, the Siege of it will be undertaken. 'Tis what Time will teach us. The Forces of *Hanouer* being now arriv'd and refreſh'd, the *French* weakned, our *Deſcent* ready, the Duke of *Savoy* at the head of an Army of above 40000 Men and ready to beſiege *Pignerol*, *Cazal* block'd up, we Maſters at Sea, *Great Waradin* taken, a likelihood of a Peace with the *Turks*, and the *Allies* awakened, and not daunted by the loſs of *Namur*; I do not ſee that

the

the *French* have the leaſt cauſe to hope to bring the *Confederates* to their diſhonourable Terms, as their King in his vain-glorious Letter to the Archbiſhop of *Paris* upon the Surrender of the Caſtle of *Namur*, pretends to do. The endeavors of his Emiſſaries to perſuade ſome of the *Confederates* to clap up a ſeparate Peace are uſeleſs; they all act now as one Man, and generally in Perſon, and know their Intereſt too well to yield to ſuch inglorious doings; principally the *Hollanders*, who ſmarted for their former haſte in making a Peace with the ſame Enemy; and His Majeſties Intereſt is ſo Sacred to the beſt and greateſt number of them, that nothing can be done there againſt it. As for thoſe of the *Allies* who are of another Communion, they and the *Roman-Catholicks* in general, know better things now than to ſuffer themſelves to be wrought upon by falſe Pretences of Religion, and even by the Pope's Entreaties or Threats, as they formerly us'd. We have not only an Inſtance of this in the *French* King; 'tis true, that he has condeſcended to the Pope in ſome few trifling matters, but as to the Liberties of the *Gallican Church* he ſtands firm in them. The Duke of *Savoy*, tho' he has loſt the greateſt part of his Dominions, has bravely withſtood all the Temptations and bigotted Remonſtrances of the *Romiſh* Court; and Bonfires, and other demonſtrations of Joy for our Victories have been frequent in thoſe Countries where the Inquiſition is moſt ſevere; ſo that I can but laugh at the poor Sham-News in one of the laſt *Paris* Gazettes, *That ſome Towns in the* Spaniſh Netherlands *would no more receive any Heretic Forces to their Aſſiſtance*; when we ſee that the King of *Spain* hath not only vindicated himſelf in this Point to the Pope, but, according to our laſt News, can uſe Menaces to his once reputed Infallible Holineſs.

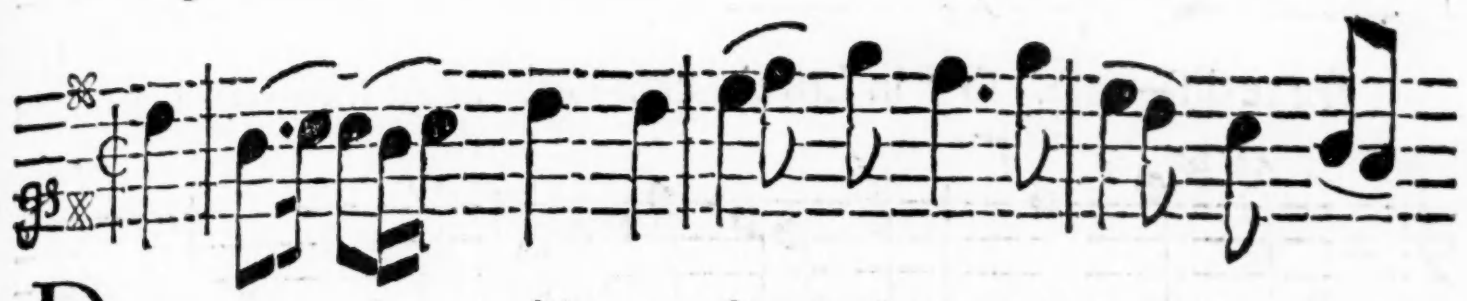
I am, SIR,

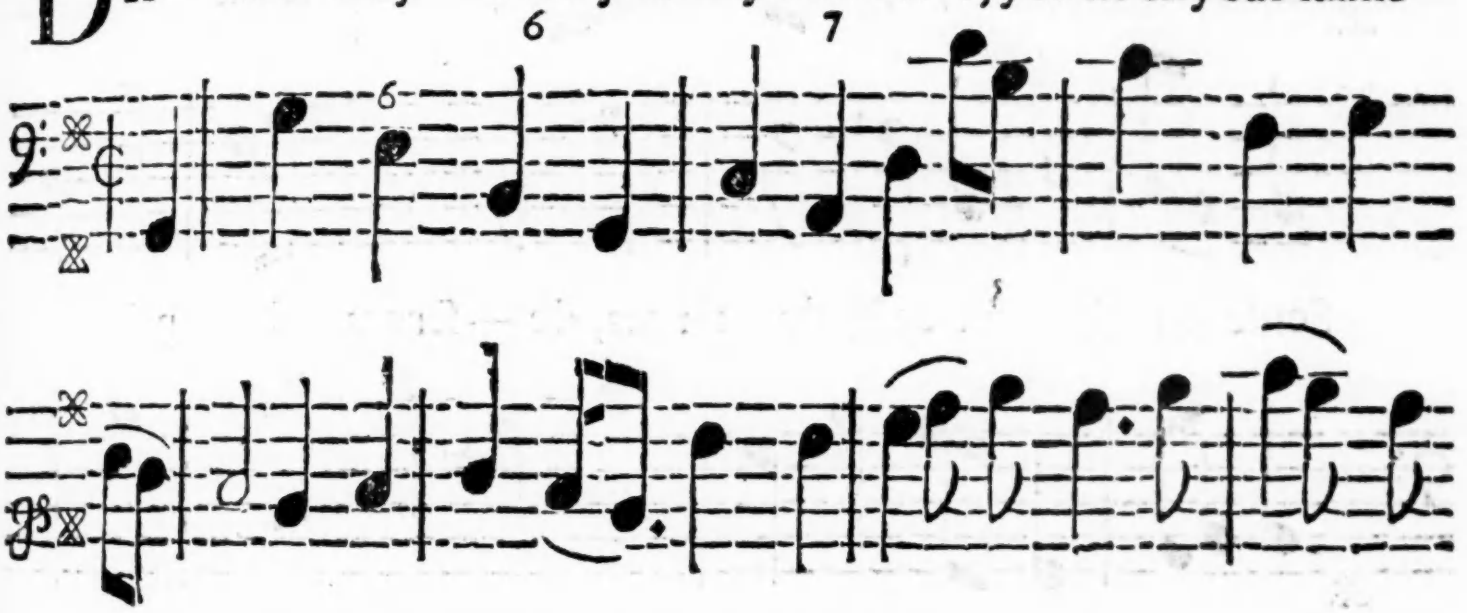
Your moſt humble Servant

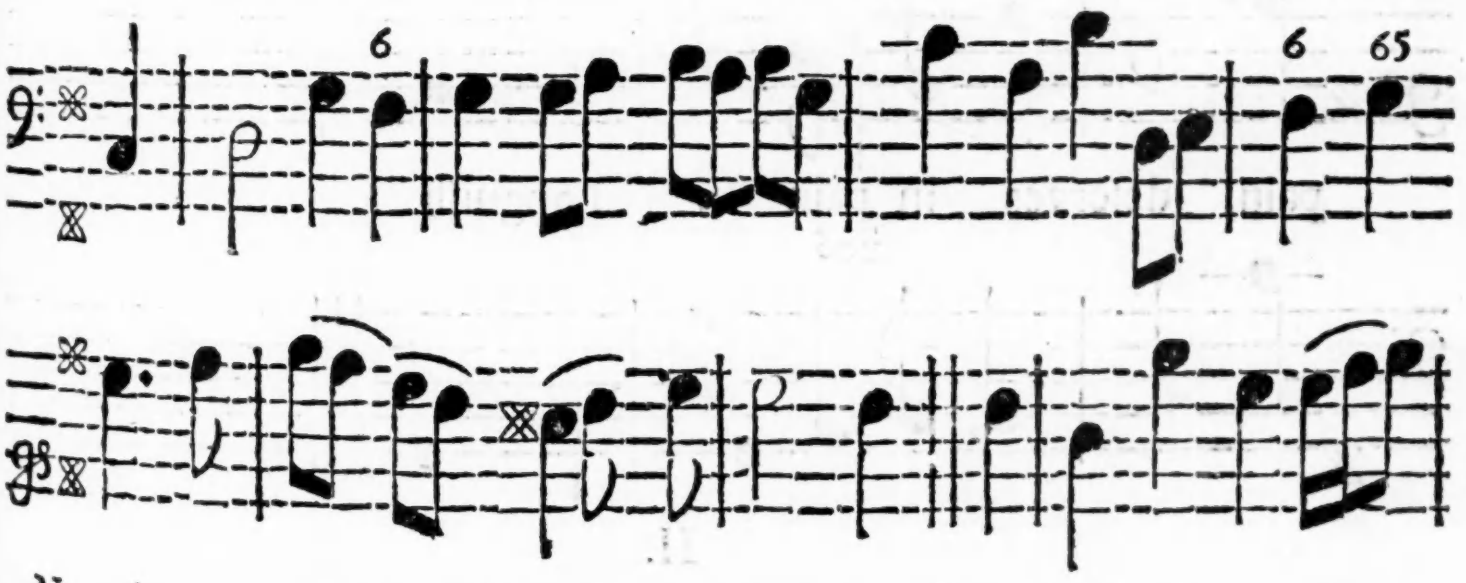
P. M.

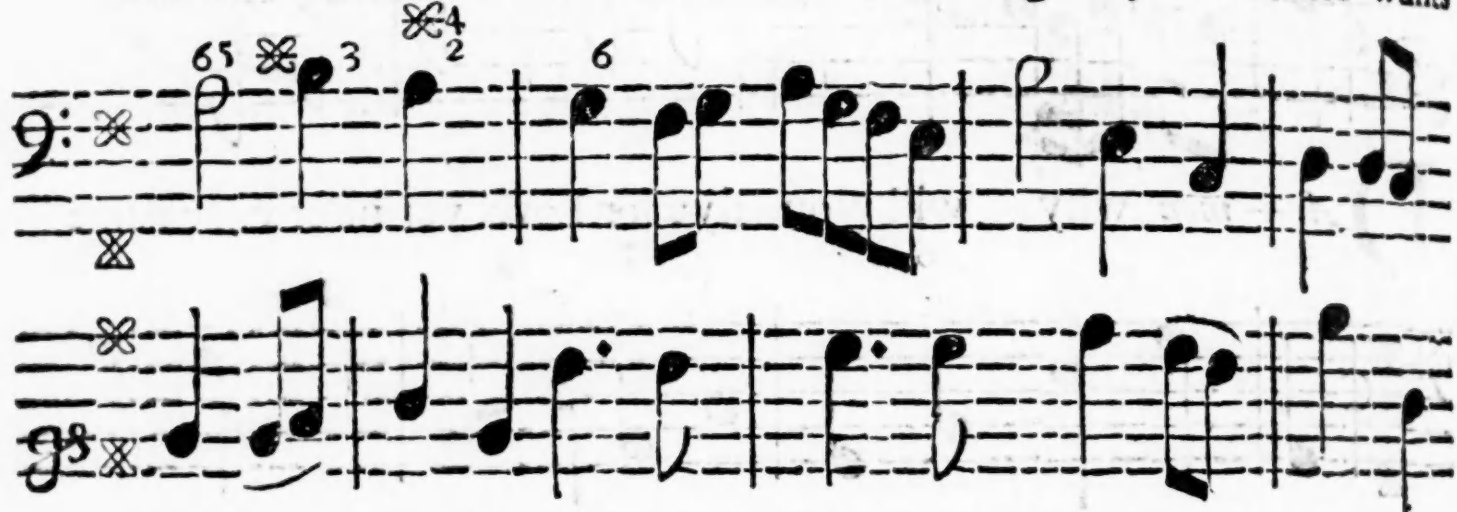
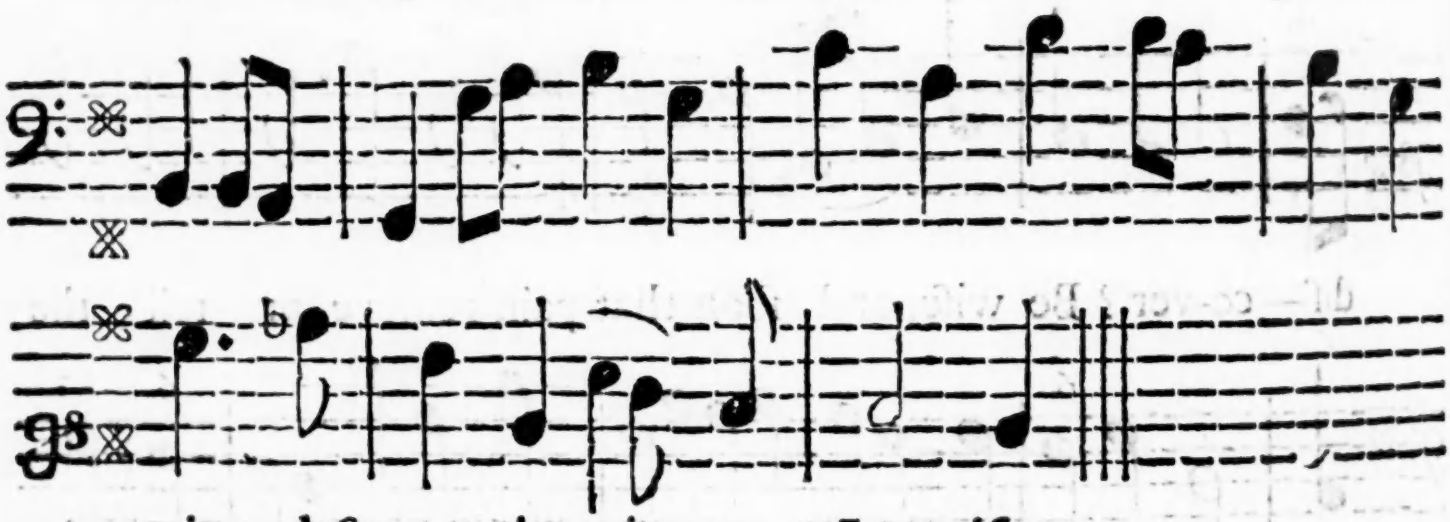
ADVERTISEMENT.

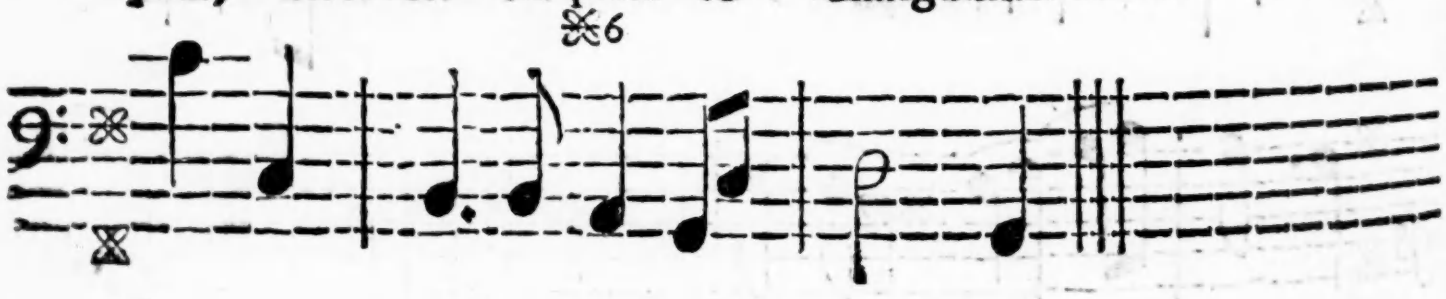
The Ingenious who are willing to have any thing in *Verſe* or *Proſe* inſerted in this *Miſcellany*, are deſir'd to direct it either at the *Black-Boy*, alias, *The Latin Coffee-Houſe in* Ave-Mary-lane, or Mr. *Baldwin* in *Warwick-lane*, for the Author of the *Gentleman's Journal.*

A Song ſet by Mr. *R. Courtiville*, the words by the Author of this *Journal.*

D*A—mon* why will you dye for Love, yet ne'er your flame



diſ—co-ver? Be wiſe, and ſoon that pain remove, or tell the

Nymph, or tell the Nymph you Love her. As in each o—ther

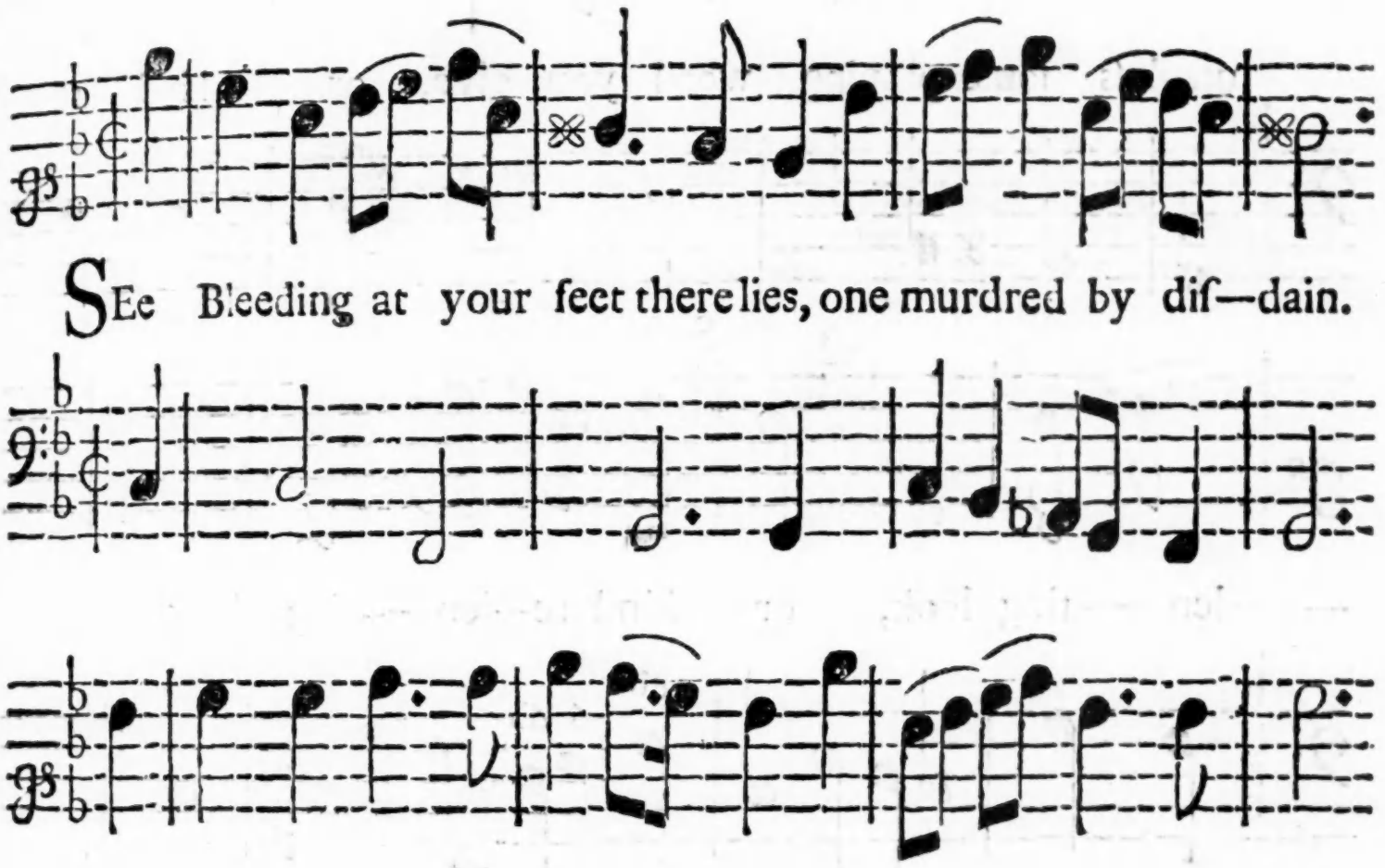
fierce diſ—eaſe, ſo in Love's cru—-el anguiſh, he who wants

Senſe to beg for eaſe, de—ſerves, de—-ſerves in pain, in

pain, deſerves in pain to Languiſh.



II.

Women like Fortune love the bold,
Like her their minds they vary,
Perhaps this day tho' *Celia's* cold,
With you the next ſhe'll Marry;
Be ſure be true, if ſhe is kind,
If cruel, then forget her;
With little pains you ſoon will find
A Nymph who'll uſe you better.

A Song ſet by Mr. *J. Franck*, the Words by *Oſiris*.

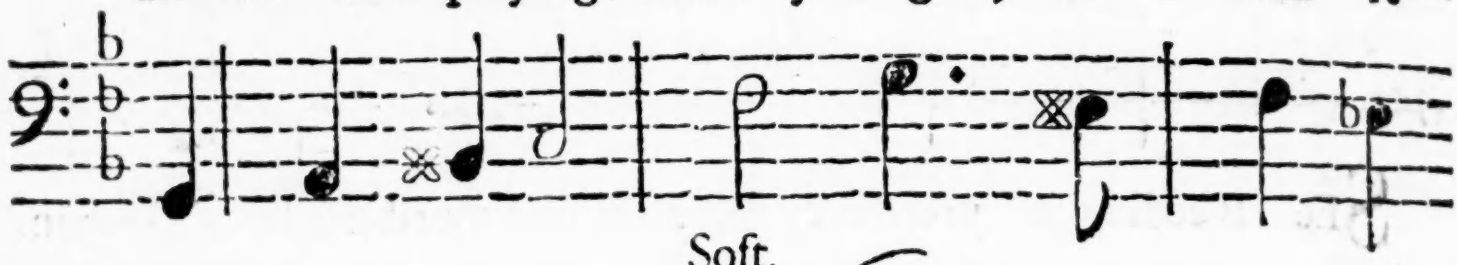


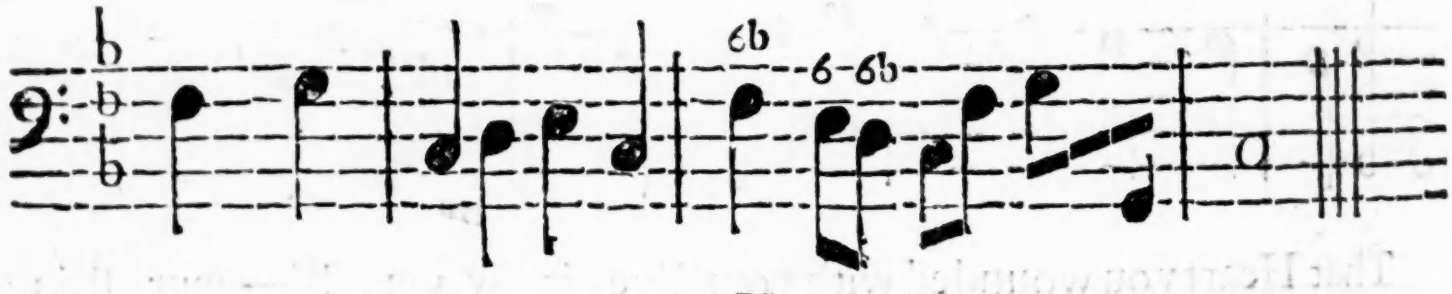
SEe Bleeding at your feet there lies, one murdred by diſ—dain.

That Heart you wounded with your Eyes, is by your Ri—gour ſlain:

Ex—piring now I can-not live; Death no de—lay will brook,

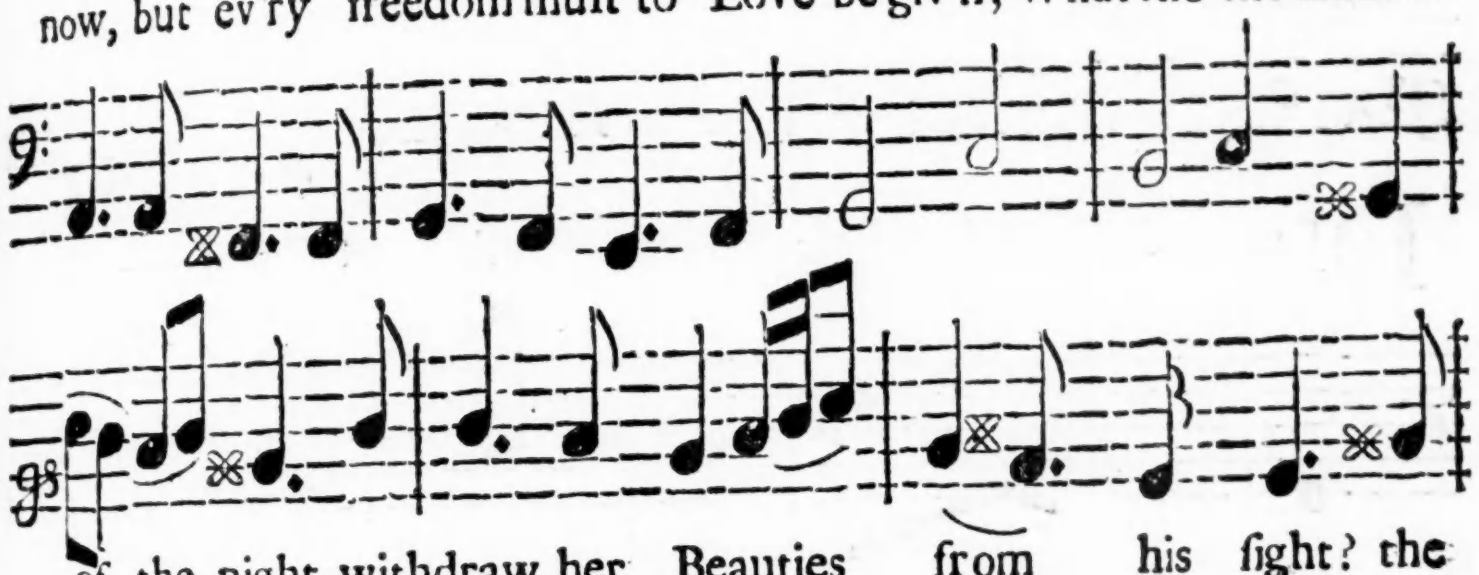
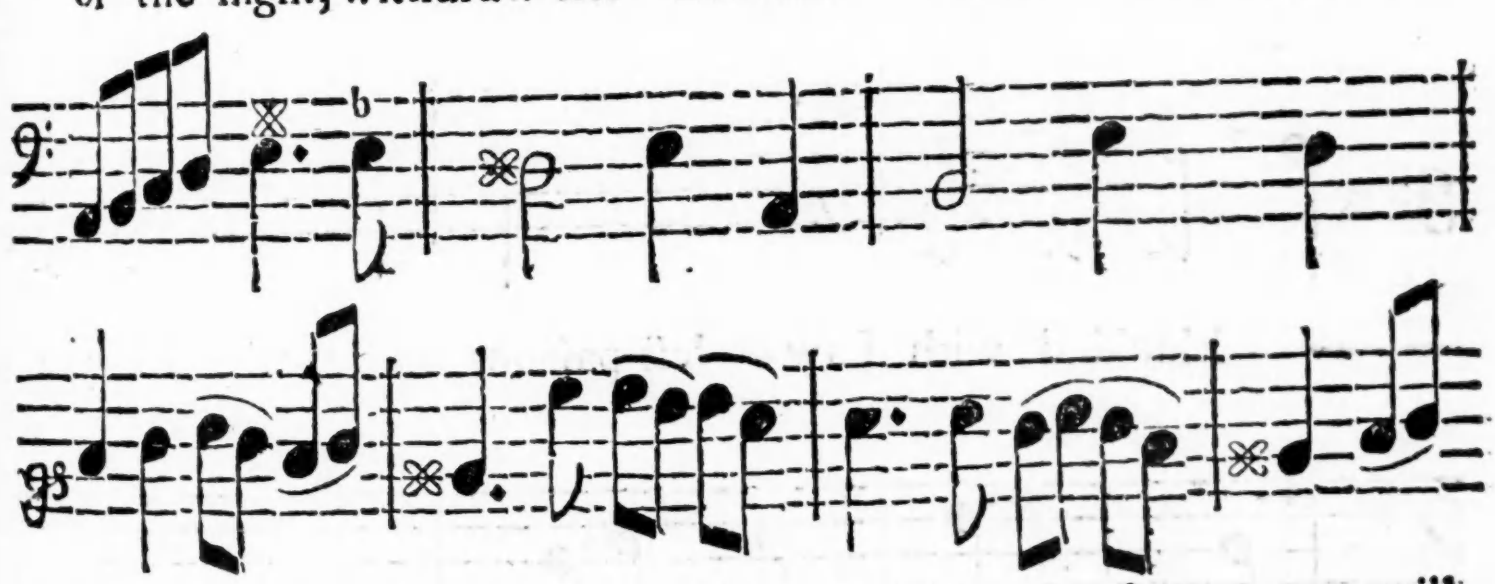
un--leſs ſome pi'tying word you give, or kind re—



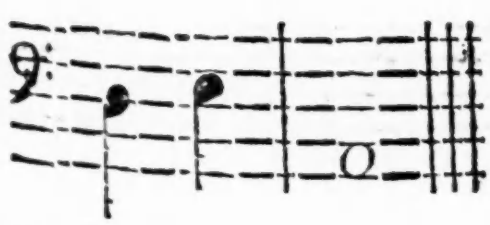
——len——ting look, or kind re---len---ting look.

II.

For then from Fate by rapture born,
And taken to your Arms,
The Heart thus reſcu'd from your ſcorn
I'le offer to your Charms:
Love's eager Rites I'le then purſue,
And Sacrificing dye:
Altar and Beauteous Goddeſs you,
And Prieſt and Victim I.

THe night is come, that will allow no longer a---ny Coyneſs

now, but ev'ry freedom muſt to Love be giv'n; What tho' the ſhadows

of the night, withdraw her Beauties from his ſight? the

youth a—no—ther way, a—no—ther way, a—no—ther way will

find his Heav'n.



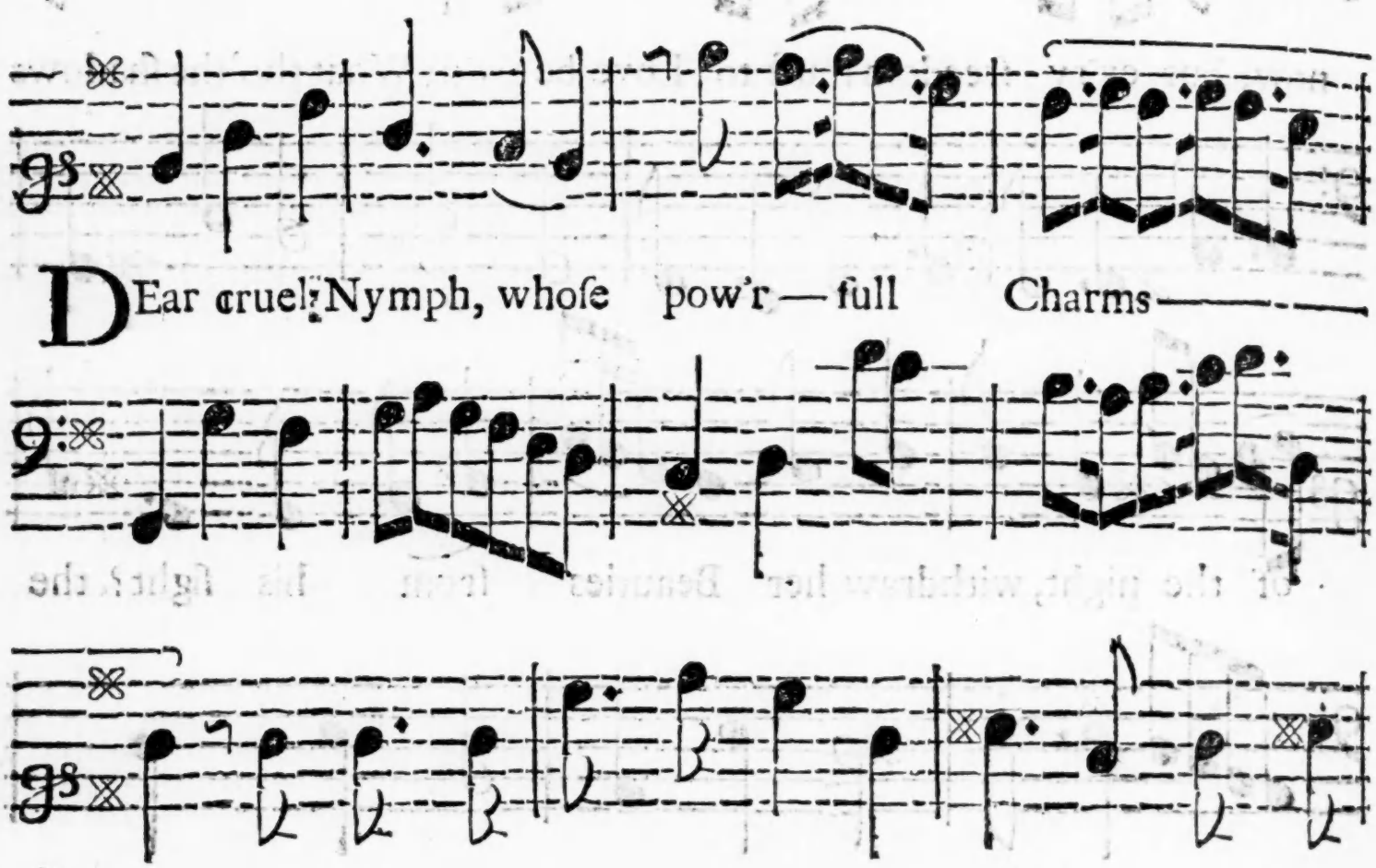
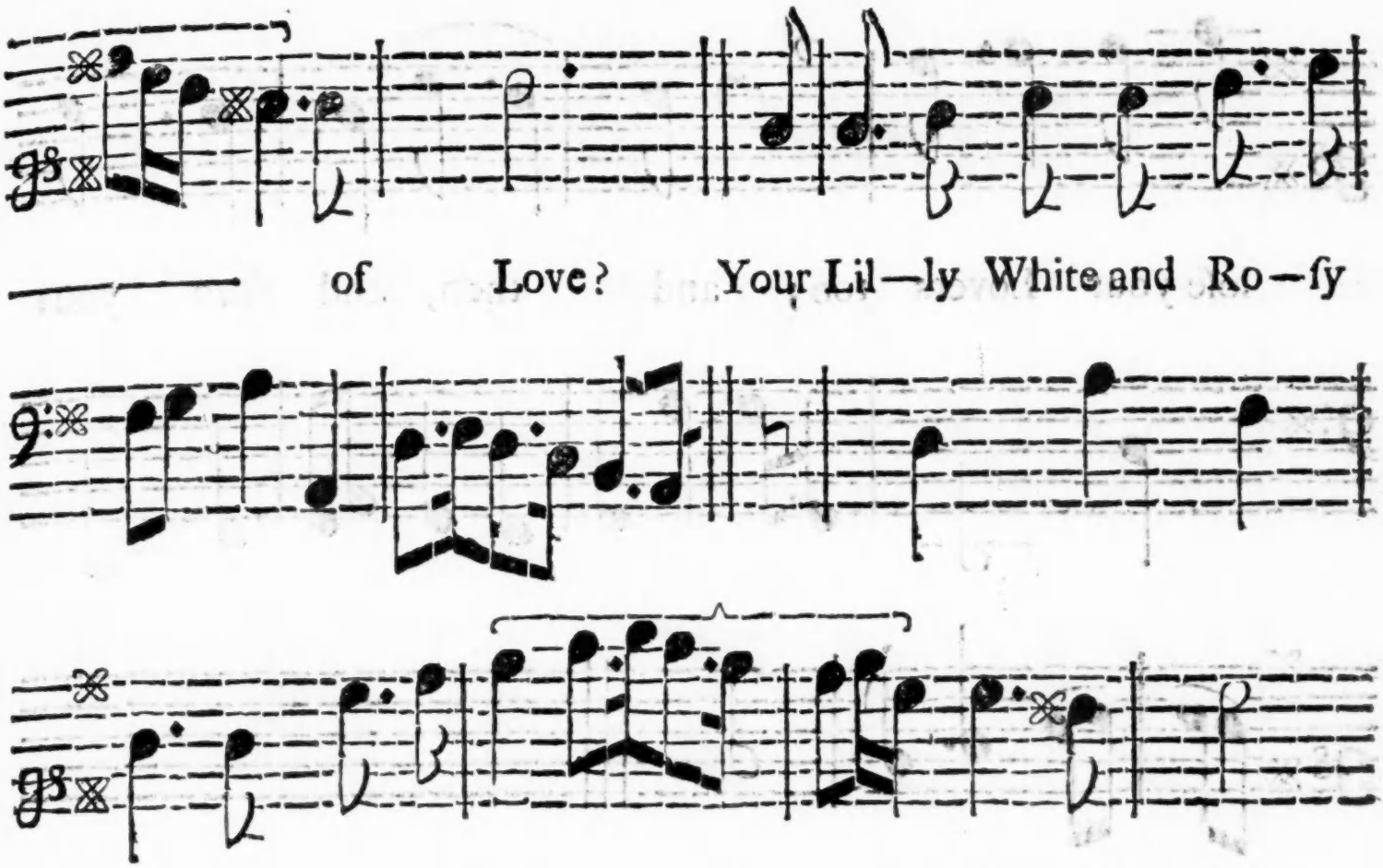
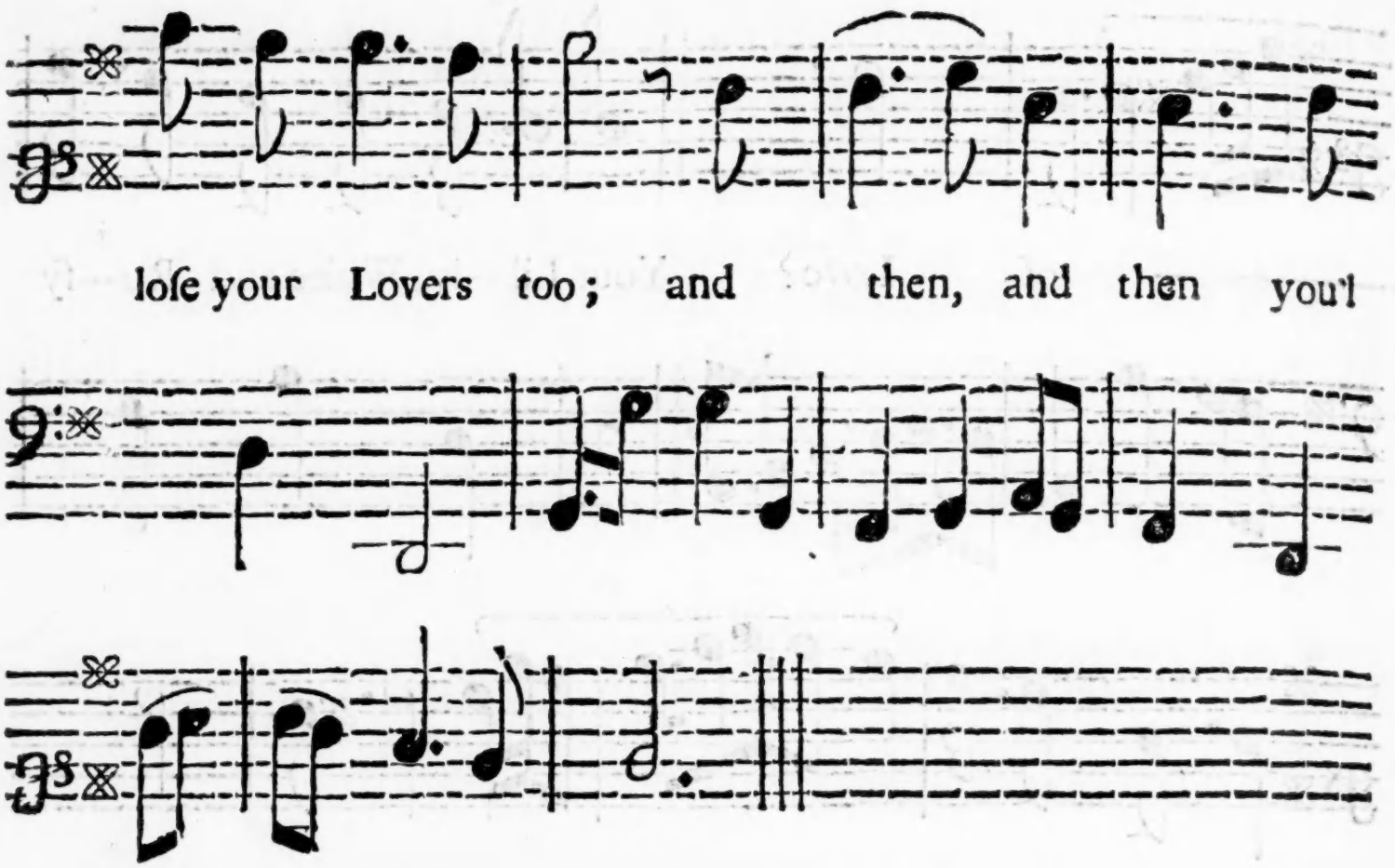
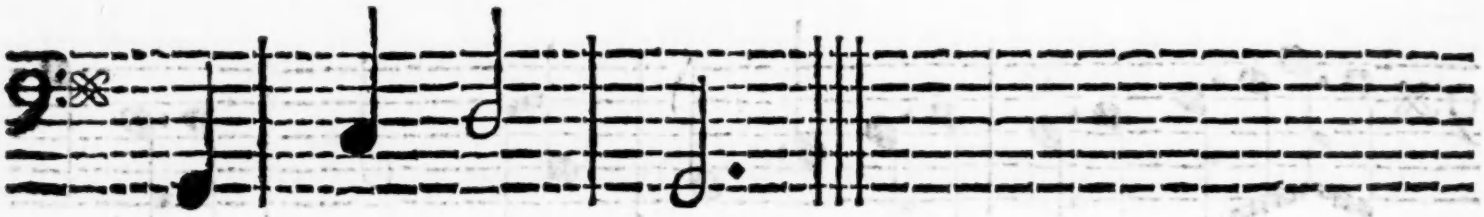
Set by Mr. *Franck.*

II.

See, ſee the Charming Nymph is laid,
Never again to riſe a Maid;
The vigorous Bridegroom, now impatient grown,
Throws himſelf by her trembling ſide,
With eager Joy and amorous Pride,
Ready to ſeize the prey that now's his own.

III.

And now that all have left the place,
Tranſporting Joys crowd on a pace,
The Nymph contends like one that would not win,
Entranc'd with pleaſure now ſhe lyes,
The youth has gain'd the noble prize,
And now her fears are paſt and Joys begin.

A Song ſet by Mr. *A. Damaſcene*, the Words by the Author of this *Journal*.

DEar cruel Nymph, whoſe pow'r — full Charms ——
—— Mankind with Law — leſs paſſions move, why do you
ſhun my long ing Armes, and proudly ſlight the Joyes ——

—— of Love? Your Lil—ly White and Ro—ſy
red, which that of Bloom —— ing Flowr's out—doe,
43
your hair, your youth will ſoon be fled, and then you'l

II.

When in th'unfriendly Glaſs you view
The diſmal ruines of your face,
Inrag'd that none will pitty you,
You'l thus bemoan your helpleſs caſe:
Oh! Love why felt I nor thy pain,
When I could hope ſome eaſe to find?
Give me, thou cruel God, again,
My former Face, or former Mind.

F I N I S.